

JOELLE BIELE

To Andrew: at Two

Professor of blackberry science, maestro
of the sink, taste-tester who holds the blackberry
to the light, you are the foreman of the blackberry line,
the trench-coated inspector. You reach for another
and your mouth is a blackberry and your chin
is a blackberry, and it's then I know when you walk
by the pond you will bestow your beneficence to the mice
and the squirrels and proclaim the preeminence of blackberries
to the birds. You eat another and your two wet eyes
and your belly is a blackberry and when you go to sleep
you will sleep the sleep of blackberries, of black stars
and black moons, of paths so brambly that one day,
when you enter the parlors of heaven, you will find them,
as Whitman says, adorned with the running blackberry.